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THE ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA.*

Mr. John A. Doyle, of Oxford, England, is writing the history of the English Colonies in America to the end of the seventeenth century; and his initial volume, including the story of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, is the most satisfactory contribution to American history which has appeared for many a day. That an Englishman should do this work better than it has been done by American writers, instead of being a surprise, was to have been expected. It would be difficult to imagine how it could be done in a worse manner than is found in the pages of what are called the standard American historians; and the mother country, where are the public records, the great libraries, and all the materials of early American history, is the place to write it. Every page of Mr. Doyle's text shows that he has made a careful and exhaustive examination of original au-

* ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA. VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND THE CAROLINAS. By J. A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

thorities; that he follows blindly in no writer's tracks, and has enough of sceptical insight to see through and expose the traditional myths and frauds which have flourished in early Virginian history. His style is simple, terse, and scholarly. He indulges in no fine writing or fine-spun theories. As if he appreciated the fact that the reader's time was of some value, he inspires confidence by giving the impression that he could have told us more, and stated the reasons on which his opinions are based, if he had chosen to do so; and hence he liberally cites in foot-notes references to authorities which will aid those who wish to investigate the special topic further.

The next volume will treat of the New England colonies. Here the author will grapple with larger problems than he found in the three Southern colonies, which will put in jeopardy his reputation as an impartial historian. New England history of the seventeenth century was a contemporary phase of Old England history, and concerning both the most discordant opinions have been entertained by English historians. Theological bigotry is a mild virtue compared with historical bigotry. There is not in the Houses of Parliament or Westminster Abbey a picture, a statue, or an inscription which commemorates the fact that Oliver Cromwell, the great Protector of the English Commonwealth, ever lived. In these latter days, however, the two Puritan Commonwealths of England and America have found zealous defenders and eulogists in the British Islands. If Mr. Doyle succeeds in making a narrative which will satisfy the different schools of historical criticism, even in his own country, he will accomplish what is next to a miracle.

The first hundred pages of the present volume are given to a carefully condensed sketch of the early voyages of discovery, and to the Spanish and French settlements in America during the sixteenth century. In treating the topic of the Cabot voyage, 1497, Mr. Doyle has fallen into several errors by following too closely the two biographers of Sebastian Cabot—Biddle, our own countryman, and



Nicholls, a Bristol man. He would have been saved from these errors if he had seen a little book by Henry Stevens having the quaint title "Sebastian Cabot—John Cabot = 0," which means, "Take away from Sebastian Cabot's record what John Cabot (his father) did, and nothing is left." Mr. Doyle thinks that the son made a voyage in 1498 from the river St. Lawrence along the coast to Florida, of which there is not the slightest historical evidence. He says further: "Sebastian Cabot's features, marked with the lines of thought and hardship, still live on the canvas of Holbein." The picture to which he alludes was brought to this country about fifty years ago by Mr. Richard Biddle, Cabot's biographer, who paid two thousand dollars for it; and the picture was burned some twenty years ago, in a great fire in Pittsburgh, Pa. A good copy of it is now in the Massachusetts Historical Society. The original, however, was not painted by Hans Holbein, for the great artist died five years before Cabot returned from Spain to England.

The story of the Virginia Colony is a gloomy narrative of blunders and disasters. The leaders were selfish, money-grabbing aristocrats, and the rank and file of the emigrants were picked up from gutters, jails, and workhouses of England. One expedition after another was sent out, and the miserable people perished by disease, laziness, internal dissensions, and massacre by the Indians. The only picturesque character which relieves the gloom of this dark picture is Captain John Smith, who, if we look only on one side of his nature, may be set down as a braggart and a Munchausen; but was, nevertheless, a brave, capable, and enterprising man. He would lie occasionally, when he thought a lie would help him—as when he wrote out the story of his life being saved by Pocahontas—but he told and wrote also a good deal of truth. We know more of the early Virginia colony from his writings than from all other sources except the public records. Mr. Doyle says of him: "He seems to have been a thoroughly representative Englishman, active, self-reliant, untiring, humane though unsympathetic, and faithful to his employers." To "a thoroughly representative Englishman," truthfulness was in those days not the cardinal virtue which it is in our time; and among the French explorers and ecclesiastics who came to America, veracity was not even regarded as a virtue.

Virginia holds to-day as its proudest legend the Smith and Pocahontas myth. The incident is alleged to have occurred during Smith's brief captivity with the Indians in

1607. He wrote out at the time an account of this captivity, which was doubtless truthful, and sent it to England, where it was printed in 1608. He wrote a second account of it in 1612; but in neither of these did he mention the Pocahontas incident, and it did not even appear that his life was in danger, for Powatan received and treated him as a friend. The real danger to his life was when he returned to his fellow countrymen. Pocahontas also at that time was only twelve years of age. The story was first told in his "General History of Virginia," 1624. Pocahontas at this date had become a noted person, had married an Englishman named Rolfe, and had visited England as Lady Rebecca, the daughter of a Virginia potentate. Smith was under a shadow, had returned to England, and doubtless invented this little story to increase his own importance. It is a pretty story, and the Virginians cling to it as to dear life.

In his history of the Maryland Colony, Mr. Doyle does not ascribe to the Lords Baltimore the high motives which have often been attributed to them in establishing religious freedom in their Roman Catholic colony. They could do nothing else, as they were holding their rights under a charter from a Protestant government, and more than half their colonists were Protestants. He says: "It was due to a cautious moderation rather than a noble self-denial. A man may be below the temptation to persecute, rather than above it; and a cynical indifference to lofty ends may save him from the errors of noble men. There is nothing to show that [the second Lord] Baltimore stood high in the opinions of those who would naturally have sympathized with his aims and actions."

W. F. POOLE.

HAWTHORNE AGONISTES.*

Since the days of that genial and garrulous misanthrope who lived upon semi-morbid sentiments and digested them into the "Anatomy of Melancholy," we have had no English writer more keenly analytical in psychical phenomena and their results than Nathaniel Hawthorne. The intensity of his emotions gave activity to his natural subjectiveness; outward circumstances that would have depressed most men roused within him the quick pulse of eager investigation; inward peculiarities of temperament that might hopelessly have warped many natures were for

* DR. GRIMSHAW'S SECRET. A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by Julian Hawthorne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

him a divining rod to sound the depths of humanity's experience. The dull streets of an outgrown New England town became the pathway of fantasy, and the routine of petty official business left leisure for weaving plots as ethereal as the spiderwebs fluttering in the secluded corners of old Salem warehouses. Woven into harmonious design by his sensitive hand, the delicate filaments of his imagination clothed the commonplace and narrow phases of life around him with the vesture of romance. Yet this represents but one aspect of his genius; though refined in every fibre, it was also strong in the power of expressing the darker passions, those fierce struggles of man's nature with the invisible hosts surrounding him. Endowed with a power so rare, so wonderfully fitted for depicting the inward abasement and the outward blight of evil motives, Mr. Hawthorne has become the representative author of the most thoughtful type of American novelists, one who had the marvellous insight to find the hidden cause

"—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope,"

with a delicacy of perception that has, as yet, no equal.

After a long anticipation, the world of readers has ardently hailed Mr. Hawthorne's posthumous story, "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," in grateful appreciation of this final gift from the cunning hand that has laid aside the pen forever. The book has already gained so much attention and has been so widely read that the outlines of the plot have become familiar. As a story, it is both satisfying and incomplete, showing much of Mr. Hawthorne's weird power in the invention of dissembled motives of action, but lacking occasionally the effect of that gift which he possessed in so rare a degree—the tact to use his literary art with a graceful ease which was its best concealment.

Some time before "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" appeared in print, the public was asked to act as umpire in a discussion, which might more wisely have been kept *en famille*, upon the relative merits of two MSS. of the tale; and to aid in giving judgment, these papers are produced almost simultaneously in two prominent periodicals. Both naturally present the same general features: one begins with the minute germ of a plot, elaborated most assiduously into a somewhat vague yet consistent story; the other is evidently a study of the same characters, worked out by means of dialogue and minor incidents. It is in the former of these, "A Look into Hawthorne's Workshop," that the wider interest will be felt, for here the author is revealed, and in his personality thus betrayed there is

more attraction than in a score of rudimentary plots. To watch the incipency of the author's idea, to see it grow into a tangible design, the central figures become more largely defined upon the canvas, the subordinate characters grouping themselves in appropriate half-lights, all this is an unusual privilege to be granted by a nature so reserved, so profound in its intuitions, so acute in the portrayal of them. It is easy to believe that if Mr. Hawthorne were living, he would pause before permitting us to see the very molecules, as it were, of his imagination; as posthumous notes, they acquire value from such a connection, yet in itself the gain for literature seems small. The opportunity was never more generously accorded for following the sequence of an author's train of thought; but the perusal of these pages produces a confused and unfamiliar sense of Mr. Hawthorne's individuality—a feeling of some indefinite charm, an alluring air of mystery, lost from the old ideal of his genius, not wholly compensated for in the hints of his intellectual processes, given by these unexpected glimpses into the workings of his brain. Like wayward children who, having

"—strayed so far
Into the realm of fantasy,"

only to discover that the lurking shadows tempting them onward fail to equal their fancied terrors, come trooping gaily back with all their fears unrealized, we have sought to find the subtle secret of this magician's power, the source of that weird charm which conjures up the phantoms haunting the silent intervals of consciousness. If these notes present, as the editor remarks, "a record of *everything* that was passing through his mind at the instant, of deepest thoughts, of thoughts the most trifling and superficial," the ideas in many of them seem trivial indeed, often apparently far from the subject, altogether unlike the perfect command of his theme shown in Mr. Hawthorne's former works. "It is, in fact, a full and clear recipe for the making of a Hawthorne romance." Shall we, then, consider the intense passion, the glowing atmosphere of art, the pervasive, lingering, old-world flavor of "The Marble Faun" as merely the ingredients of some palatable literary recipe? In that tenderly pathetic tale, "The Birthmark," are we merely the guests at an intellectual feast, whose crowning delicacy is skilfully concocted of trustful devotion, highly spiced with the excitement of a chemical experiment? The thought is unworthy of a nature so artistic and deeply metaphysical as Mr. Hawthorne's. It is doubtful if much of his unique and beautiful literary work was done

after this fashion; the process shown in these posthumous notes is too often the warning hint of a wearied brain and a faltering pen. His former volumes are rarely spontaneous and complete, and were written in obedience to no law more exacting than his acute and powerful intellect, guided by the feminine refinement of his perceptions. When Nature produces her rarest flowers, the formula for her working is not carelessly revealed; the exquisite blossoms are shielded in the cool pavilions of the delicate green calyces, till the labor of preparation is ended, and the bud opens for us in perfected beauty. There was more than accidental circumstance in the cloudy retreat, the lonely mountain top, chosen by the seers of old; there lies in self-concentration, as in bodily isolation, man's best opportunity for realizing his aspiration and securing it as his own. The artist must first form the image of his ideal within the recesses of his own brain, elaborating, developing, perfecting it with patient art that hastens not, until it is complete, to bring it forth to the world free from all trace of the workman's toil. The world loses but little in not sharing more of these hours of solitary effort; the gain is small in following this random driftwood of thought, these straws of fancy floating idly upon the surface of the author's mind, waiting for the reluctant current of a deeper inspiration.

MIRIAM P. MASON.

THE STUDY OF ANCIENT ART.*

There is no feature of American life at the present day more noteworthy than the rapid growth and universality of a taste for art. In itself, this is by all means a subject for congratulation. It was the side of our national character in which we were perhaps the most deficient; and there need be no fear, for a long time to come, of any cultivation of the æsthetic faculty which will carry us beyond the point of harmonious and well balanced development. Nor do we believe that there is any necessary connection, as some would make out, between great periods of art and periods of national decline. On the other hand, all really great schools of art have been the outgrowth and expression of religion. "Art for art's sake" is too often demoralizing; art inspired by ethical, patriotic, or re-

ligious motives, is noble and elevating, and has a solid vitality. No fear that such art will decay, or corrupt society, or be the sign of national degeneracy.

The real danger of the present artistic movement is that of carrying artistic activity beyond the range of knowledge and culture. The half-knowledge of art-lovers is perhaps the greatest obstacle to the growth of a strong and symmetrical school of art, because it creates a complacent sense of something accomplished, rather than an intelligent perception of something to be accomplished. The æsthetic faculty is fed upon cloying and unwholesome meats, which nourish pretence and sentimentality, and engender feebleness rather than growth. There is no doubt a certain æsthetic sense, and a real aspiration and endeavor, in all this; but healthy progress is impossible, from the lack of a foundation in well-grounded principles of art.

Now for this, which is really the most discouraging feature in the artistic condition of the American people, there is no better corrective than the study of ancient art. Modern art is no doubt a higher creation than ancient art. Cologne Cathedral is a nobler work of architecture than the Parthenon; there is no reason to believe that Polygnotus or Zeuxis could compare with Raphael and Titian; ancient music, if we are in a condition to form any judgment at all, could not be mentioned in the same line with Beethoven and Mendelssohn; if ancient sculpture is still unapproached by the works of moderns, it is partly because expressions and representations which among the ancients were a part of their constant experience are, by the conditions of modern life, wholly artificial and unnatural—partly because the art of sculpture is confined to materials, a set of motives, and a style of representation, to which the conditions of ancient art were peculiarly adapted.

Ancient art, not in itself superior to modern, is nevertheless superior for the purposes of education. Perhaps the individual needs to go through the same schooling that the race did; at any rate, for the individual, as for the race, Greek art seems the best introduction to Italian and German art. It is not difficult to see in what this superiority consists. In Greek art we see perfection in simplicity, while in modern art there is perfection, no doubt, but in a bewildering complexity and variety. The young mind receives strong impressions, and is kindled with emotion; but it is hard to analyze these impressions, and to derive *principles* of art from works of such magnitude and intricacy. Their very greatness and infinitude of excel-

* HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART. By Dr. Franz von Reber, Director of the Bavarian Royal and State Galleries of Paintings, Professor in the University and Polytechnic of Munich. Revised by the Author. Translated and Augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. With 310 Illustrations, and a Glossary of Technical Terms. New York: Harper & Brothers.

lence unfits them to serve as an instrument of education in the rudiments of art.

It is the difference between ancient and modern life — precisely the quality in the language and the literature of the ancients that has given them a universal and permanent place in all complete schemes of education. Ancient life was so simple in all its relations that it is not difficult to make clear to the mind of the learner in what the perfection of its literature and art consists, and to draw from them fundamental principles of criticism, which, once established in the simple field of the classics, can be applied to the broader field of modern art. It would seem that a book like Lessing's "Laocoön" could hardly have been produced except from the study of ancient masterpieces.

A good compendium of the history of ancient art was, therefore, a thing very much needed, and the need has been met by the translation of von Reber's treatise, by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, well known as director of the recent explorations at Assos. The name of the translator, and the brief introduction by so competent a judge as Prof. Norton, of Harvard, are a sufficient guaranty of the value of the book; and it is further vouched for in Prof. Norton's assertion: "So far as I am aware, there is no compend of information on the subject in any language so trustworthy and so judicious as this." We may accept the treatise as, in materials and accuracy at any rate, providing us with just the guide that we wanted for instruction in ancient art.

The book consists of seven parts—Egypt; Chaldea, Babylonia, and Assyria; Persia; Phœnicia, Palestine, and Asia Minor; Hellas; Etruria; and Rome. Hellas alone, as is proper, occupies nearly one-half of the book. The method is that of the separate treatment of each art in each country. Architecture, sculpture and painting follow one another, each receiving complete historical treatment. We have not, therefore, a single combined view of art at any one great epoch — the age of Pericles for example — but this must be sought in detail under the three heads specified. This results, of course, in a much more complete and satisfactory discussion of the several arts; their relation to one another, however, is obscured, and the student misses what is perhaps the most important thing in historical treatment of art — the characterization of the several epochs. No doubt, for many purposes the method of the book is preferable; but one would have desired, for certain great epochs, a combined and complete view. It is a surprise to find no mention of coins and gems, the

latter of which, at least, formed so important a branch of art under the Roman empire. The celebrated *cista* of Ficoroni is mentioned (page 450) under the head of Roman sculpture.

This book must be taken as the combined work of Prof. von Reber and Mr. Clarke; "the latter having," says Mr. Norton, "had the advantage of doing the greater part of his work with the immediate assistance of Dr. Reber himself, and of bringing to it fresh resources of his own, the result of original study and investigation." It is known that Mr. Clarke has given especial attention to the history of the Doric order, for the study of which there are especial advantages at Assos. In regard to this order the book before us does not support Fergusson's rather exaggerated view of the dependence of Greece upon the oriental nations. The essential originality of the Greek development is maintained, especially in that the entablature was "wholly autochthonic and primitive Greek;" but it is admitted (page 198) that the shaft of the column "was certainly imported," having been "known in Egypt more than a thousand years before its introduction into Greece." In a note to page 214 the old "hypæthral" theory is pronounced "inadmissible from the point of view both of design and of structure."

The book is handsomely printed, and is provided with over three hundred well engraved illustrations. W. F. ALLEN.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSE FICTION.*

The modest promise of Mr. Tuckerman in his preface, "to attempt to trace the gradual progress of English Prose Fiction from the early romance to the novel of the present day," illustrating it with necessary historical references, is amply fulfilled in the succeeding pages of his volume. He has the honor of urging the process of differentiation, which is the natural result of advanced development, one degree further than it has been carried before in this direction. Fifty years ago, Dunlop published his "History of Fiction;" and Mr. Tuckerman has now subdivided the subject, and devoted his attention to English works of imagination in prose. The topic is a very attractive one; but there are great inherent difficulties in the execution of such a design. The literature of a nation is, and must be studied as, an entirety. Whether it be manifested in poetical or prose composition, in history, biography, travel, or fiction,

* A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSE FICTION, FROM SIR THOMAS MALORY TO GEORGE ELIOT. By Bayard Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

a just conception of the whole literature can be gained only by a study of all its component elements, and a fair judgment can be passed on a single part only by considering its relation to other parts. On the other hand, it is a compensating advantage in a work of this kind, that the reader's attention is not apt to be distracted by a variety of ideas, and that the author can more reasonably hope to cover thoroughly his special branch of research. Mr. Tuckerman is well acquainted with his subject; he has an easy, flowing style; and while he is by no means profound, he shows a wise discrimination and excellent judgment in selecting typical works of fiction to illustrate the growth of that branch of literature. The opening chapters of the book are the best, both in matter and style. The latter part of the work seems to show traces of haste, and a dissatisfaction with the task.

English fiction affords a very large field for study, covering in its range so many centuries, and showing a diversity, as the English people slowly crystallized into unity, that no other nation can equal. The early romances which came from the French were soon eclipsed by the inventions concerning the national hero, King Arthur, with his Knights of the Round Table. Two centuries later, Chaucer, a child of the dark ages, and the father of English story-tellers, in his "Romaunt of the Rose," and in his "Canterbury Tales," opened a new era by delineating human character as it is. The days of lay-figure personifications of virtue and vice were numbered. A long season of stagnation followed, broken only by the dull romances of Gower and Lydgate, until Sir Thomas More introduced the novel with a moral. During the sixteenth century, a new foreign influence—that of Boccaccio and his school—made itself felt in English fiction; but its power seems to have been singularly small. In both poetry and the drama, Italian models found imitators; but the short, lively novellettes of Boccaccio, Sansovino, and Sacchetti, seem to have gained only a slight foothold. In the preceding age, there had been numerous short stories current, concerning Friar Bacon, Virgil, and Robin Hood and his followers; but the taste for them seems to have died out in Elizabeth's time. The golden age of the drama absorbed so much of the intellectual activity of the English people that though Lyly, Greene, Lodge, Sidney, and others, wrote novels, their fame rests chiefly on their poetry or dramas.

The stern rule of the Puritans of course banished fiction along with music and the drama; yet it gave us that matchless allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress." With the

licentiousness of the Restoration appeared Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Behn, fit exemplars of their time. Later came Addison, Steele, and Swift, the precursors of the novelists of character—Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. Following them, the number and variety of works of fiction rapidly increased, while the drama declined. Johnson elaborated the novel with a purpose; Miss Burney introduced the novel of manners; Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Lewis, revived the style of the old romances.

The infinite forms which fiction has assumed under the hands of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, Cooper, Hawthorne, and others, are too well known to need recapitulation. We see English prose fiction in its beginnings, borrowed largely from the Norman French romances of chivalry, but soon casting aside the foreign elements, and occupying itself with national subjects treated in a national style. The drama threatens to annihilate it, but it rises triumphant, ever widening its scope and influence, reflecting in turn the stern bigotry of the Puritans, the unbounded license of the Restoration, the utter want of belief in anything good, of the time of George I, and the reviving morality of George III. It invades other fields of thought, seeking to teach science, history, even religion. All this Mr. Tuckerman has to tell, and he tells it very well. He attempts to draw no moral nor seek for hidden motives, and is quite willing to avail himself liberally of the labors of former reapers in the same vineyard. But he is catholic and impartial, genial in his criticisms, and his work is well worth the reading.

HENRY L. TOLMAN.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

Had Lieutenant Greene, the author of this history of the military operations by which the Valley of the Mississippi was wrested from the grasp of the Confederates, written nothing else, and were this the effort of a beginner, the book would deserve more favorable mention than

*THE MISSISSIPPI. By Francis Vinton Greene, Lieut. of Engineers, U. S. Army; late Military Attaché to the U. S. Legation in St. Petersburg; Author of "The Prussian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877-8," and of "Army Life in Russia." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ATLANTA. By the Hon. Jacob D. Cox, Ex-Governor of Ohio; late Secretary of the Interior of the United States; Major General, U.S.V., commanding Twenty-third Corps during the campaigns of Atlanta and the Carolinas, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA—FRANKLIN AND NASHVILLE. By the Hon. Jacob D. Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

can under the circumstances justly be accorded it. He has, however, given former evidence of marked capacity as a military historian. His theme in this case was certainly worthy of his best efforts, and it is to be regretted that with so fruitful a subject he has not presented us with something more worthy of his pen. In his preface, he states that his work "is founded upon a careful study of the Records of the Rebellion, now in course of publication by the War Department." We have no doubt he has accurately compiled the information they contain; but after all, he has done little else than compile. The work will scarcely arouse the interest which attended its predecessors in the series. They treated of events regarding the conduct of which much difference of opinion exists, and awakened old antagonisms and revived old and exciting controversies. But General Grant's military skill in the Vicksburg Campaign was so great, his preëminence over all subordinates and would-be rivals so marked, his success so brilliant, that few have had the temerity either to gainsay or criticise his actions; and a correct narrative of this campaign must therefore lack the material for exciting hostile discussion. As presented to the reader, the work can only be regarded as a good though bald historical outline.

Two volumes upon those campaigns of the war in which he served, written by General Jacob D. Cox, come before the reader or the reviewer with a strong prejudice in their favor. General Cox is a gentleman, a scholar, and a statesman. In the war he bore well the part of a gallant soldier; and later, as a member, for a very brief time, of General Grant's cabinet, and as Governor of Ohio, he won the good-will of all good and patriotic citizens. Any book which he would write is sure to be taken up with sympathy and interest.

In his volume upon the Atlanta Campaign he sketches with admirable clearness the organization of the opposing armies under Sherman and Johnston, the general condition of military affairs in the West, and the opening of the great campaign. His pictures of the soldier's life in the field, of the administration of the military railroads, of the careful arrangements for the supply of rations and ammunition to a vast and rapidly moving army, are all admirable. In his descriptions, too, of tactical and strategic manœuvres and of skirmishes and battles, there is a display of military learning which shows study as well as experience. The reader is led onward with an interest which seldom slackens. There is in all the narrative an apparent candor and fairness which at first lulls the judgment and

disarms criticism. Soon, however, one begins to ask, Is this all so fair as it seems?—are events pictured in their proper proportion?—is a just discrimination made between large and small movements and large and small men?—are praise and blame fairly distributed?

In writing his commentaries, Blackstone boldly adopted the theory that "The King can do no wrong." Not so openly, but just as firmly, General Cox holds the theory that everything the impetuous, the erratic and the brilliant Sherman did was right and good. He makes a great show of holding the scales in judgment over every action; learned and measured words are used; but, after all, the murderous assault at Kenesaw, wherein twenty-six hundred men were needlessly sacrificed, was in his view just as wise and right as the flanking movements prior to Resaca, or the brilliant *coup de grâce* at Jonesboro. Commending with careful and scholarly words each good point in the campaign, General Cox has no critical condemnation for this great and inexcusable slaughter. And so it is all through: the elaborate show of critical writing is but a feint, and under the guise of judicial fairness the greatest injustice is done. One might read this book and suppose the figures of Thomas and Schofield equal in stature. The commanding grandeur of the one is dimmed and obliterated, and the mediocrity of the other is so surrounded with luminous mist that it rises to heroic proportions. Nowhere is there a hint that Thomas was a figure second only to that of Sherman; nowhere a hint that he alone was consulted in regard to all movements, and that where he approved success invariably followed, and where he remonstrated (as he did at Kenesaw, although General Cox does not do him the justice to mention it) failure was the almost inevitable result. McPherson even, the gallant and beloved, is mentioned with censure; Schofield, never but with at least implied commendation. McPherson dies the death of a knightly soldier before Atlanta, raising his hat to the enemy who have surprised him, and General Sherman and the whole army give utterance to their grief; yet nothing but a bare statement of the fact falls from the pen of General Cox. Pages 138, 139 and 140 are surrendered entire to the description of a picturesque crossing of the Chattahoochee river by Schofield's command, a movement in which but a single cannon-shot was fired and not one man was lost on either side. Less space than this is given to important and bloody battles where other commands were engaged. It could fairly be expected that General Cox would see most distinctly the movements of the

command to which he was attached; but a confession of this, and an apology for the consequent want of proportion and perspective in a work intended for the general public, might at least have been expected. Much may be forgiven to the partiality of the friend; but more than obedience to partial friendship must be found in the historian if he would command respect and credence. Narrative ability, picturesque description, study and research are all to be found in the volume; had independent judgment, impartiality and genuine enthusiasm pervaded it, it would have been an able and a valuable book.

In his second volume, devoted chiefly to Franklin and Nashville, General Cox leaves unsolved the problem of the campaign in middle Tennessee in the fall of 1864 and winter of 1865. When General Sherman had completed his plans for the march from Atlanta, he had, as he states in his "Memoirs" (vol. II, p. 163), arranged to leave behind a sufficient force to meet General Hood "anywhere in the open field," besides "garrisons to secure the railroad in the rear and as far forward as Chattanooga." The force so left, exclusive of troops needed for garrison, he states at 45,000, to which were added the fourth and twenty-third corps, making 27,000 additional effective men. These were to be joined in due time by 11,000 from Mississippi and Louisiana, being a detachment of the Army of the Tennessee. General Sherman therefore intended to leave a force of 72,000, to be increased to 83,000. That his estimate was somewhat exaggerated is no doubt true; but it appears from the returns that on November 20, 1864, there were "present for duty" 57,000 enlisted men, and on December 10, after the arrival of the Tennessee contingent, 67,000, of whom 26,000 were in garrison at the former date. ("Campaigns Civil War," vol. X, p. 218.) General Hood's forces, after the fall of Atlanta, were south of the Tennessee river; and, according to the concurrent testimony of General Sherman and Jefferson Davis, very much impaired in *morale*. (Sherman's "Memoirs," vol. II, p. 167; Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall," vol. II, p. 564.) His enlisted men present for duty after the battle of Franklin comprised 24,000, and could not have exceeded 30,000 before that battle, which was fought November 30. ("Campaigns Civil War," vol. X, p. 222.)

Why was not a stand made by the Union troops at the Tennessee river or at Columbia, and why was a retreat ordered? If too large a proportion of the troops were idle at Chattanooga, Nashville, or elsewhere, it was a fault

that they were not in the field. If the forces in the field were not combined and guided by a competent hand, there was also a fault. Upon whom this blame should be laid, General Cox does not intimate. That Hood should have been met in southern Tennessee or northern Alabama, that he should never have been permitted to endanger Nashville or put in peril the results of the campaigns of 1863 and of the summer of 1864, seems now very clear. To say that the greater and stronger army, if well commanded, was in danger of being flanked or of having its communications severed by the smaller and weaker, is to assert a paradox.

General Cox says that it was the universal expectation that a rapid concentration of the Union forces would be made, to prevent a far advance of the Confederate army, and that General Thomas had committed to General Schofield the command of the troops opposed to Hood. He also says that storms had been severe in Tennessee and delayed Hood. They should have had no greater effect upon his opponent than upon himself; yet Schofield seems to have thought his movements should be secondary to those of Hood, and to have awaited his fate. General Thomas urged Schofield to hold his ground as long as possible; but from November 15 until the battle of Nashville, where Thomas commanded, the story is one of retreat—a retreat in which the Union army was repeatedly put in peril, until at Franklin it relieved itself, without aid from its commander, by its own prowess.

The retreat, as such, was not conducted with forethought or skill; but General Cox does not say so. His tone is judicial, and yet he is not frank. He gives to manœuvres a meaning which does not belong to them. For instance, the affair of Spring Hill was a desperate attempt to escape from a surprise. Bradley's brigade was pushed forward to meet Cleburne, while Opdycke's men were spread out as skirmishers. It is now known that either accident or want of will on the part of the Confederate commanders alone saved the Union army. Had Cheatham simply *moved in*, the troops then below Spring Hill *en route* from Columbia, with their trains, would have been captured. No credit is due for avoidance of the disaster, unless to Bradley's brigade and to the general officer who ordered it into position. Who this general officer was, General Cox omits to say, but allows it to be inferred that he was General Stanley. He was certainly not Schofield, who was then at Franklin. So with other and similar events. It is painful to read of them, because they suggest what might easily have happened to the Union cause and to veteran

Union troops through the incompetency of a field commander.

General Cox's details of the march and of skirmishes and battles of the middle Tennessee campaign are succinctly set forth. There is, however, so great a lack of candid criticism that one puts down his book as little satisfied as when he took it up.

It should be added that the maps in these three volumes are as inexcusably faulty as those in the earlier numbers of the series. Since these campaign narratives are intended to supply a want long felt, and are therefore likely to be popular, it is a matter of deep regret that they are not found more deserving of commendation.

POOLE'S INDEX TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE.*

The history of this work, as outlined in the preface, is full of interest. Its germ was a MS. index to the periodicals in the library of Yale College, made thirty-five years ago by Mr. Poole for the convenience of himself and other students. The index was immediately in great demand at Yale, and, five hundred copies of it being printed soon after, its usefulness was quickly demonstrated by other colleges, which took most of the edition. This volume was a small octavo of 154 pages, since become so scarce that the only copy its compiler saw of it for twenty years was when, in 1877, he picked up one in the reading-room of the British Museum, "with its leaves discolored, and nearly worn through by constant handling." It was followed in 1853 by a work on a similar plan, enlarged to 531 pages, with the list of periodicals greatly extended, and references brought down to January, 1852.

The early disappearance of this edition of the index, and the steady and rapid growth of periodical literature, caused frequent demands to be made for new issues. But the problem now involved new elements, and was not to be solved easily. The extraordinary development of periodical literature in the last quarter of a century, and its growing importance in the discussion of subjects of vital public interest, placed the task of adequately indexing it far beyond the power of any individual to compass. The field was, by Mr. Poole's invitation, opened to the world; but the vastness of the undertaking led all competent persons to prefer to view it from a re-

spectful distance. The solution was finally reached through a factor which in itself has often been so difficult to solve — coöperation. All librarians were the natural friends and allies of the project; and at a meeting of the American Library Association in Philadelphia in 1876 a coöperative plan was definitely agreed upon, which was immediately put in execution. Allotments of periodicals to be indexed were made among fifty-one libraries of this country and England; rules for securing uniformity and the maximum of accuracy were furnished to all the workers; and a period of five years has witnessed the completion and publication of the work, for which no single life-time could have been sufficient. Mr. Poole testifies strongly to the zeal and faithfulness of his associates — and particularly of his associate editor, Mr. Fletcher, without whose assistance the consummation of his plans "would have been impossible." Coöperation, and the intelligence, devotedness and courage of the projector and chief manager, share the honors of this great and lasting bibliographical achievement.

The volume is a handsome royal octavo, very satisfactory in its mechanical arrangement. Its nearly fifteen hundred double-columned pages contain some two hundred and fifty thousand separate references to articles in periodicals, arranged according to subjects, with frequent cross-references. Each reference was made upon a separate slip of paper, and all were afterward sorted, arranged, and examined critically by both of the editors. The "copy" sent to the University Press at Cambridge weighed a quarter of a ton. The number of periodicals indexed is 240, aggregating 6205 volumes. Of these, Mr. Poole himself indexed 634 volumes, in addition to the 1468 indexed by him in his previous editions. Mr. Fletcher indexed 516 volumes, the Boston Public Library 406, the Librarian of Harvard University 208, and the Astor Library 199. The scheme seems to have fared rather badly at the hands of the English librarians. Of the twenty-five serials undertaken by the committee of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, matter for only eight was furnished. This default constitutes the most serious defect of the index — which will doubtless be remedied in supplements, when the Englishmen have had time to grasp the importance and dignity of the work; or, should patience fail in waiting for this, Mr. Poole or Mr. Fletcher may prefer to do their work for them. The starting-point of the index is the "Edinburgh Review" (1802); the latest periodical indexed is "Education" of Boston (1881). The periods of publication of the entire list of periodicals, with the years to which the separate volumes

* AN INDEX TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE. By W. F. Poole, LL.D., Librarian of the Chicago Public Library. Third Edition, brought down to January, 1882, with the assistance of W. I. Fletcher and the coöperation of the American Library Association and the Library Association of the United Kingdom. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

as consecutively numbered correspond, are shown by a very conveniently arranged "Chronological Conspectus," which is a valuable feature of the work. The geographical distribution of the periodicals is not without interest. New York has upward of forty; Boston, thirty; Philadelphia, fifteen. Cincinnati is permitted the glory of seven literary representatives, while Chicago has but two ("The Lakeside Monthly" and "The Dial"): a numerical disproportion for which Chicagoans may comfort themselves by gloating over their indubitable preëminence in pork. This showing places them upon the proud literary level of Richmond, Va., and one notch above Charlotte, N. C., Vandalia, Ill., Danville, Ky., and New Bedford, Mass. Had Mr. Poole chosen to represent this geographical distribution, not by tables, but by maps showing the ratio of literary periodicals to population, the region of Chicago must have borne about the complexion given to Zanguebar upon the "civilization-charts" of sociologists.

The arrangement and plan of the work, based as they are upon a wise and wide experience, may be assumed to be as perfect as they could be made, no doubt including every aid which improved methods and skill could suggest for the guidance of explorers in the vast field of periodical literature—"a mighty maze," but now, thanks to the index, "not without a plan." The test of its accuracy will of course be found in its practical and continued use by those for whom it is intended. In spite of all possible vigilance, it was unavoidable that minor errors should creep in, which can only be weeded out by time. The difficulties latent in a scheme so vast and complicated are a hundred times greater than those which are patent; and doubtless the discovery of an occasional error will surprise no one less than the compilers of the book. We suppose—although it is not stated—that corrections are invited, for the benefit of future editions; and we make our modest contribution of the few thus far noted. The most serious of them is the omission of "The Kansas Magazine," a well-known and in some respects unique periodical, published for two or three years (about 1872, '73, and '74), at Topeka. It was a full-sized four-dollar monthly, and had many valuable and interesting articles. The same general description would apply to "The Californian," published at San Francisco for three or four years past, and also not indexed, although it has had many articles of special value upon Pacific coast subjects. It has no doubt been extremely difficult to preserve a single form for the names of authors; under "Miller, Cincinnati H." we are told to "See Miller, Joaquin," yet we find

poems that were published over the signature of "Joaquin Miller" indexed as written by "C. H. Miller." The name of Bret Harte is given in at least two other forms—"F. B. Harte" and "F. Bret Harte." These variations are of course liable to create confusion of identity where there is any uncertainty as to the authorship of an article. Pseudonyms are presumably intended to be translated into real names; if so, Howard Glyndon (given as "H. Glyndon" on p. 245) should be printed Laura C. Redden. We miss the name of Sidney Lanier as a subject—although his remarkable work on "The Science of English Verse" has been widely reviewed and discussed, and his death in 1881 was made the occasion of biographies in a number of periodicals. Sidney Brees's name is printed as "Bresse," throwing the reference to him as a subject over to another page, and practically losing it. Yet these blemishes are but microscopic. The work as a whole is a marvel of exactness, and a monument of pains-taking labor. Its value to the literary worker cannot be overstated; and only in a lesser degree is its value to general readers. The whole domain of periodical literature, so rich in the condensed and suggestive treatment of all great questions, a domain hitherto practically inaccessible, is opened up by a guide always available and usually infallible. To a very large class of literary and professional men, this index must soon become as indispensable as a dictionary.

GERMAN ROMANTICISM.*

After a struggle of centuries, German industry and activity have succeeded in clearing vast regions of the dark and venerable forests of the Germany of Cæsar and Tacitus. There is light where once all was shadow; there are open and fertile plains, covered with grain and cattle and factories and cities, where oaks, centuries old, tossed their leafy branches; there are toiling peasants and busy citizens, Prussian officers and learned professors, where whispering leaves and flitting birds and nimble-footed beasts were the only animate things; there are Protestant churches and Catholic cathedrals where bearded Druids offered their bloody sacrifices. But all the factories and all the peasant huts, all the cities and all the monasteries, are built of lumber made from the trees of these ancient forests. And the fallen monarchs have taken their revenge; they have breathed into the German people all the mysticism of their whispering leaves,

*THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by S. L. Fleischman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

the enchantment of forest solitudes, the weirdness of moonlight peeping through the foliage, the poetry of a starlit sky mirrored in a forest lake. Every chair and table, every board in the floor and every rafter of the ceiling, are mysterious reminders of the time when in all that region Nature was sole autocrat, and when civilization existed only in depraved Rome; when the impulses of the heart were the only laws known to men, and the silent contemplation of Nature their highest philosophy and religion. As no one can entirely leave his past behind him, no German can quite escape from the grand but mystical influences of his national origin. He may, like Goethe, tower far up into the intellectual skies whose clear and frosty air crystallizes thought and emotion into classic forms; or he may, like Schiller, rove over mountain and plain rosy with dawning day, or rage with foaming torrents; yet the oaks rooted at the mountains' base, and the pines climbing to their summits, mingle their murmurs with Goethe's mighty cadence and Schiller's impassioned song. Even Heinrich Heine, who deemed himself so sober-minded and so rationalistic, was a true representative of the genuine German spirit, which breathes through all his lyrics, and in his dramas shades his delineations of female character with the pensive recollections of an early and ideal love. In all forms of German culture we meet mysticism in the most different guises: in philosophy, as the transcendentalism of Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel; in various forms of modern science, as an irresistible tendency toward the hasty generalization of a system—lately so strikingly revealed in Hückel's Darwinistic pedigree of man, boldly drawn, but distrusted by the soberer English evolutionists; in art, as open neglect of the study of external nature, shown by the creation of a school of marine painters in the inland town of Düsseldorf; and in literature, as culminating in the romantic school—although its influence is traceable still in the modern Spielhagen's "Problematic Natures" and Paul Heyse's "Children of the World."

The tendency to mysticism, thus inherent in the German spirit, became the predominant characteristic of the period of Germany's struggles to recover from the influence of foreign domination; for in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth, Germany was twice invaded and conquered: first by French ideas, next by French armies. French ideas were theoretically in fashion at the court of Frederick of Prussia; and the Emperor Joseph of Austria worked, but unsuccessfully, to meet the

exigencies of the spirit of progress exhibited in French literature. French art, French philosophy, French poetry, threatened to swallow Germany. Then Lessing appeared, and by his "Laocoön" laid the foundations of a new understanding of ancient art; and through the revival of the study of Greek literature new schools arose. Among them was the romantic school, which was long predominant, and produced great characters and remarkable works, although Heinrich Heine would not recognize them, and Mr. Fleishman, in the preface to his translation of Heine's witty and brilliant but untrustworthy and partial treatise, tries to convince the American public that Heine's work is to be accepted in good faith because he wrote it for the French public. And this is a point not to be overlooked. The eyes of Heine had been dazzled by the *gloire* of France; he believed it was the mission of that country to lead the progress of the world. Fully convinced that the deeply introspective mind of Germany was made only for pining in forest solitudes or Catholic convents, he looked to see the sun of liberty and progress arise out of the revolutionary chaos of France, not dreaming of the near birth of those grand evolution theories which have given to the Anglo-Saxon race the leadership in the mental world. Heine had found a second fatherland in France. He was grateful for his good fortune, and showed his gratitude by reviling a German poetic school which, whatever its follies, strove honestly for national independence in literature and art. One might suppose from reading his book that the entire romantic school in Germany was composed of lunatics and fools. To know how far this is from truth one needs only to glance at a few of the leading men of the despised school: at the enthusiastic admirer of ancient art, the champion of the eternal rights of love as "the blending of spirit and of sense," the man ready to carry through life what he had defended in poetical forms, the founder of Hindoo philology, and thereby of the science of comparative philology—Friederich Schlegel; at the æsthetic philosopher, the practical admirer of mediæval chivalry, the esteemed translator of Shakespeare—August Wilhelm Schlegel; at the giant of imagination, the over-wrought and nervous story-teller—Hoffman; at the witty dramatist, the æsthetic Samson crushing the prosaic Philistines of his time, the "romantic Aristophanes"—Tieck; at the youth with hectic cheek and dreaming eye, forever longing for "the blue flower," the symbol of intense feeling, the symbol of happiness, the symbol of his dead love—Novalis, the true child of German nature, which

loved him so dearly that she took him into her arms in his thirtieth year, to murmur to him her eternal thanks for understanding her so well. These, and others, were the chiefs of the romantic school in Germany. We may or may not sympathize with them, but we cannot deny our admiration of their enthusiasm for what they considered the ideal of life. It is true, most of these romanticists ended as Roman Catholics and reactionary politicians; but it was a consequence of their love for mediæval times, with all their romance and chivalry, and of the natural abhorrence with which high-minded persons must regard certain degraded forms of modern democracy. And, after all, how did their stern judge, Heinrich Heine, end?

And the women of that school—the sisters and beloved wives of those men, those women who are as inseparable from the internal history of that literary epoch as woman is inseparable from the history of man—does Heinrich Heine not know them? How highly he estimates them is shown by the zeal with which he obtrudes upon his readers a vile scandal, of more than doubtful historic basis, which is related and translated with a grossness sufficient to exclude the book from the library of every decent family; and by the terms in which he speaks of Friederich Schlegel and his admirable wife Dorothea—the daughter of Mendelssohn, and formerly the wife of a banker, from whom she had been lawfully divorced—the one as a common seducer, and the other as an artful deceiver of a venerable husband. And here is revealed a black spot in Heine's character—possibly a new clue to his blind hatred of the romanticists of Germany. Some of them, as Friederich Schlegel, had character enough and independence enough to carry out what Heine himself had not been able to accomplish: to rescue an intellectual and charming woman from moral ruin within gilded prison walls. The sunlight which Friederich Schlegel threw over the life of Dorothea Mendelssohn is strong enough to shine through the clouds of incense burned at his conversion to the Catholic faith. The women of that period were great, perhaps greater than the men; but the latter had been the fortunate sowers who scattered the romantic seed, some of which fell by the wayside, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it, as in Heine's heart, whose poetic germs were eaten by the evil birds of bitterness and hate.

Is there, then, nothing in the book worth reading? Doubtless there is much; but it must be read with the greatest prudence and reserve. Heine's brilliant style, his descriptive power, his merciless wit, his fine eulogy

of Goethe, make the book well worth reading, especially in the elegant and smooth language of the original; but it is no more to be trusted than is the quality of Mr. Fleishman's English or his spelling of foreign words.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

It is not a little curious that it should be left for an American admirer to furnish the first complete biography of one of the most popular novelists of England. More than a generation has passed by since the death of Maria Edgeworth, and only to-day are we able to read the full story of her life, which has so much of various interest to offer, and which the world, in its obligation to genius and high moral worth, was in duty bound to cherish. With pleasing modesty the biography now presented—written by Grace A. Oliver and published by A. Williams & Co.—is characterized simply as "A Study of Maria Edgeworth." It is evident that great pains have been expended in gathering the materials for the sketch—a task of no light difficulty at this late hour; while unquestionably much praise is due for the thoroughness of the research and the skill with which its results have been managed. The book may be liable to the complaint of excessive amplitude in this era of compact writing, yet there are no portions which prove wearisome or seem unnecessary to the symmetry of the sketch. It is seldom that a life is so happy, so useful, and so lovely, as that of Miss Edgeworth through its long passage of eighty-two years; and the pleasure of following its course continues unbroken to the end. An author so gifted in mind and so favored in fortune as she, inevitably enjoyed social relations which must be gratifying to observe; yet in witnessing the sweet domesticity of her private life there is quite as much to admire and enjoy. Her father was only twenty-one years older than herself, and from her childhood was her companion, "guide, philosopher, and friend." It was a rare instance of the mutual benefit and delight to be derived from parental and filial ties. Mr. Edgeworth was four times married,—his second wife being the beautiful Honora Sneyd, the object of the romantic devotion of the ill-fated Major André,—and twenty-two children were the offspring of these successive unions. Maria was the second child of the first Mrs. Edgeworth, and somewhat older than the fourth, who survived her father many years. Although a number of the children died in infancy, there was a large circle of half-brothers and sisters occupying for years the family mansion of Edgeworthstown, and one of the agreeable circumstances exciting attention was the harmonious accord in which they dwelt together. They were all educated at home, under the supervision of the father and his eldest daughter, and joined uncommon native graces with talents and high breeding. Honora Sneyd Edgeworth was an early victim of consumption, and on her death-bed requested her husband to make her sister Elizabeth his wife and the mother of her children. The request

was obeyed, but the sister perished of the same fatal malady, which became the sad heritage of the sons and daughters of the Sneyd stock. Maria Edgeworth had the distinction of a fertile and successful authoress; but aside from this she shares the charm of her personal traits and manners with the delightful group of parents, sisters, and brothers with whom in her home she was constantly and lovingly associated.

THERE is a two-fold interest centred in the half-dozen "Lectures on Art," collected into a single volume and published by Macmillan & Co. It attaches, first, to the cause for which the lectures were produced; and second, to their individual subject and mode of treatment. There is in London a company of high-minded, earnest-hearted men, banded together under the title of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, with the purpose of saving from desecration and destruction the existing monuments of ancient architecture, not only in England, where the influence of the society is most potent and direct, but in other and older countries where its efforts may be brought to bear with effect. Whoever has noted the rapid decay to which the world's precious but unprotected relics of history and art are subjected by various forms of abuse in practice at the present day will sympathize with the noble zeal of the society in question, and heartily rejoice in every evidence of its success. To provide funds for furthering its object a series of lectures was, not long ago, given gratuitously by a few scholarly and professional men on topics having a sensible connection with the work in view. The accomplished Keeper of Coins in the National Museum, Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, delivered one on "The Egyptian Tomb and the Future State"; Mr. Edward J. Poynter, the talented painter and art teacher, gave in another "Some Remarks on Ancient Decorative Art"; Professor W. B. Richmond discoursed learnedly and entertainingly upon "Monumental Painting"; some interesting facts in architecture exhibited by "English Parish Churches" were developed by Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite; and finally, Mr. William Morris, the esteemed poet and household decorator, discussed on two occasions subjects on which no man can speak more thoughtfully or with more practical knowledge, namely, "The History of Pattern Designing" and "The Lesser Arts of Life." These discourses, collected in book form, are a worthy contribution to the literature of art. Each bears the impress of a cultured mind, and conveys facts and reflections of much value. The two by Mr. Morris, having a closer relation to our daily life, are likely to stir us more deeply than the others. They are replete with novel, not to say startling, assertions, and with hints calculated to incite profitable meditation.

In Prof. Andrew Wilson's "Chapters on Evolution" (Putnam's) the general reader will find a straightforward exposition of the theory of Evolution, and an outline of a considerable part of the vast amount of cumulative evidence on which this theory rests. The subject is treated from the stand-

point of biology, and the work is refreshingly free from metaphysical deductions of any sort; for the battle is to be fought out within the domain of biology, and theology and metaphysics can, in the conflict, only be more or less interested spectators, not participants. The subjects especially discussed are: "The Problem Stated," "The Study of Biology," "Protoplasm," "The Evidence from Rudimentary Organs," "The Evidence furnished by the Study of Likenesses," "The Evidence from Missing Links," "The Evidence from Development," "The Fertilization of Flowers," "The Evidence from Degeneration," "Geology and Evolution." The work has no special claim to originality, either in facts or opinions. The author is, however, well informed in the various branches of biological study, and his compilation is executed with care and judgment. The engravings are unpretending, but sufficiently accurate, and the index is reasonably full. There are occasional infelicities of expression, and some errors of minor importance. For example, on page 30 the "Port Jackson Shark" (*Cestracion philippini*) is mentioned as one of the ancient types which persist in Australia, being "elsewhere known only by fossil representatives from the Oölitic rocks." The fact is that the species in question is not confined to Australia, having a considerable distribution in the Pacific; there are at least two other species of the type now known, one of which (*Cestracion francisci*) abounds in California; and, finally, it is not certain that any Oölitic sharks are really *Cestracionts*. On the whole, however, the book is to be commended as fairly representing the views of modern biologists in regard to evolution.

EUGENE BENSON'S "Art and Nature in Italy" (Roberts Bros.) comprises fifteen papers descriptive of beautiful and historical cities and landscapes in Italy, and discussing the character and quality of some of the famous works of her great painters, sculptors, and architects. They are the fruits of the author's travels in the home of the arts, in its by-places as well as in its best-known and most frequented resorts. The chapter titles show how he wandered "In Giorgione's Country," "In Titian's Country," to "Raphael's Birthplace," in Perugia, Assisi, Ravenna, and Rome, and what studies he made of the products of genius which have rendered these points sacred to the lovers of art as Mecca is to the Mohammedans. The luxuriance of Italian scenery is reflected in the splendors of Mr. Benson's diction. The very prodigality of his high-sounding vocables conveys, irrespective of their sense, a sentiment of the tropical wealth of foliage and flower, and the glow of sunny skies, bright colors, and picturesque peasantry. Yet there is a hindrance to clear understanding in such opulence of language. It so weighs down and oppresses the idea that it is in danger of smothering. One suffers from this feeling in reading Mr. Benson. He is a sincere and intelligent student of nature and art. His observations and opinions are undoubtedly of value, but the reader tires of striving to apprehend them in the strain and crush of multiplied words. "Fortuny's Art—What

Does it Mean?" is one of the best of the papers, disclosing just and thoughtful criticism on the significance and tendency of the best modern French and Spanish art.

A PERUSAL of "The Problem of the Poor," by Helen Campbell, is calculated to incite some grave thinking over the duty each person owes to unfortunate humanity, and how that duty shall be most wisely performed. The problem is presented in a collection of sketches, rehearsing with life-like fidelity scenes witnessed by the author in the work of reform established and carried on in one of the worst purlieus of New York, by the regenerated ruffian, Jerry McAuley. The portrait and life of McAuley himself, as also of his wife and helpmeet, are drawn with a vigorous hand, and we see them day by day, laboring with martyr-like fervor and self-sacrifice to save the vile and the outcast around them from moral destruction. The writer makes no set appeal for sympathy and coöperation in the philanthropy she describes, but safely trusts to the effect of her vivid transcriptions of the work of the mission. It is a harrowing and yet an encouraging record, for it shows that men may be rescued from the lowest depths of degradation, provided the right means be employed. The promise is less cheering for the redemption of degraded women, as the author states, on the authority of Mr. McAuley, that the proportion is exceedingly small among those he has persuaded to forsake their evil ways. A final chapter in the little volume treats of the value of industrial education as a safeguard against the miseries of crime. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

TWELVE lectures, delivered before theological classes at Andover and the Boston University, upon the subject of "Moravian Missions," by the Rev. Augustus C. Thompson, D.D., are published with that title by Charles Scribner's Sons. They detail with great fulness the history of the sect of Moravians, or United Brethren, from its foundation over three centuries ago to the present time. The central seat of the denomination, at Hernhut, in Germany, is described in the first lecture, together with its creed and early life. The second lecture portrays the career of Count Zinzendorf, distinguished for his services to the Christian church. The remaining discourses relate the circumstances connected with the various missions founded and sustained by the Moravians in the West Indies, South and Central America, among the North American Indians, in Greenland, Labrador, and other benighted regions of the earth. The *résumé* of the characteristics of the United Brethren, in the closing lecture, confirms the conviction created by the previous addresses that the denomination maintains in a remarkable degree the simplicity, sincerity, and spirituality of primitive Christianity.

"MR. ISAACS" is a prosaic name for a story teeming with the romance of the East. Its commonplace and commercial suggestions are as misleading in their application to the personage whom Mr. J.

Marion Crawford has endowed with the title, as can well be imagined. Mr. Isaacs is in reality an Asiatic, a Persian, a Mussulman, and a more captivating hero than we generally meet with in the field of fiction. The sphere of his action is set in India, the land of poetry and mysticism, of Oriental splendor and barbarism, where we look for strange types of character, and are never surprised by the most fanciful, highly-colored, and motley scenes. Mr. Crawford was a resident of India for a considerable time, an editor of an Anglo-Indian journal, and is familiar with the country and the people he depicts. He is an experienced writer, and has a strong power of imagination. He came to the task well prepared, therefore, when he undertook this, his first novel. It is a vigorous piece of work, and takes firm possession of the mind. It is not elaborate in structure. It includes few characters, none of whom play the scapegrace or villain, and its entire movement is finished in the space of a month. Simple as it is, it achieves its end. It excites admiration and confers pleasure, and this is no mean success for a tale of an unpretending order. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. E. C. GARDNER has a charming way of expounding the principles involved in home architecture. The planning of houses is his vocation, and to its pursuit he brings not only mechanical skill but a profound understanding of the requisites of a healthful, convenient, and attractive habitation. He appreciates the fact that homes should have an individuality adapted to that of their owners, that they should be an expression of the character of those who occupy them. He has written a number of books expressing these sensible ideas, which have enjoyed deserved favor. Another now appears, from the press of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, consisting of a series of papers originally contributed to "Our Continent" under the title of "The House that Jill Built After Jack's Had Proved a Failure." Like the books preceding it, this unites an entertaining story with manifold valuable suggestions respecting the building and fitting of a home. It is enticing reading, for everyone longs for a home just after his heart, though he may never hope to build one, and finds comfort in seeing upon paper at least the plan which could be modified with a little trouble to suit his particular tastes and needs. Jack and Jill take such pleasure in contriving and constructing the new house, which is a wedding-gift from her father, that the reader is almost as happy in their satisfaction as though it were his own.

THERE is a wonderful art in the allegory entitled "A Little Pilgrim," which is reprinted from "Macmillan's Magazine" by Roberts Brothers. With the utmost simplicity and naturalness it sketches the experience of a human soul on its translation into Paradise. On earth the soul had inhabited a woman's feeble frame, bearing with gentle meekness the trials of an invalid's lot. Passing into the life beyond during a quiet sleep, it is surprised to find itself wakening in the realms of immortality amid a

sense of peace and happiness ineffable. Its gradual comprehension of the new state, its calm and unquestioning acceptance of the novel yet blissful conditions, the whole sweet pure atmosphere investing its surroundings, are described with consummate realism. There is nothing crude, exaggerated, or impossible in the picture. It is like a perfect dream, or an actual glimpse of a heaven of such rational delight as to satisfy every yearning. The materialist could not find fault with it, or the Christian resist its fascination. It is an exquisite effort of the imagination, leaving a profound and grateful influence on the mind.

A WORK of great value to all interested in the study of the animals of the Mississippi Valley has been published by the State of Ohio, as the fourth volume of the "Report of the Geological Survey: Part I, Zoölogy." It is a book of 1020 pages, containing special reports on "Mammalia of Ohio," by Dr. Alembert W. Brayton, of the Indiana Medical College, Indianapolis; "Birds of Ohio," by Dr. J. M. Wheaton, of Columbus; "Reptiles and Amphibians of Ohio," by Dr. W. H. Smith, of St. Clair, Michigan; "Fishes of Ohio," by Prof. D. S. Jordan, of the Indiana State University. Full technical descriptions are given of each animal noticed, together with detailed accounts of its habits and economic value. These accounts are carefully written, and not less interesting to the general reader than to the professional naturalist. Fifty mammals, two hundred and ninety-two birds, forty-three reptiles, twenty-seven batrachians, and one hundred and sixty-five fishes, are described.

Miss S. H. Dow's little treatise on "Artistic Singing" (Lee & Shepard) is to be warmly commended to teachers and students of the vocal art. It professes to be not a text-book for study so much as a simple talk on the subject named in the title. It is, however, an instructive discussion of the principles and practice which must be adopted to insure a correct style of singing. Miss Dow is an earnest advocate of the old Italian school of vocalization whose founder and ablest exponent was the famous Porpora. In the development of her ideas, she presents a comprehensive system of rules for producing tones, managing the breath, articulating vowels and consonants, and acquiring the vocal embellishments which, judiciously used, enrich melody with entrancing effects. The book does not supersede the artistic teacher, but supplements his work, and is valuable as a help and monitor to all who would learn the true art of singing.

A DOZEN essays on "Eras and Characters of History," by Mr. William R. Williams, are grouped in a volume published by Harper & Brothers. In the opening essay a parallel is presented between the character and achievements of the contemporaries Nero and Paul, and in the next following between the Emperor Titus and the Apostle John. Other essays take for their topics "Monasticism," "Augus-

tine and Chrysostom," "Buddhism," "Mahometanism," "The Crusades," "Luther and His Times," "John Calvin," "John Knox," etc. All are treated from a theological point of view, the author revealing on every page his desire to make the facts of history conform with the tenets of his religious belief. No prefatory word explains the occasion of the essays, but they lack only a scriptural text to become veritable sermons.

THE "Pioneers of the Western Reserve," by Harvey Rice, is a book of substantial value. It embodies the history of an important section of one of our most influential states, written in an animated style, and with a judicious consideration of details. Every town and county and state should have its life chronicled in a similar manner, for the experience of each has helped to shape the career of one commonwealth, and its records are needed for their moral effect as well as for their historical worth. The heroic virtues of the pioneers in every part of our country afford lessons which are particularly instructive to the luxurious communities now reaping the fruits of the industry and abstemiousness of the first settlers of the soil. (Lee & Shepard.)

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all new books, American and English, received during the month of January by Messrs. JANSEN, McCLEURG & Co., Chicago.]

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Arthur Hugh Clough. A Monograph. By Samuel Waddington. 12mo, pp. 338. London. Net, \$2.67.

ESSAYS, BELLES LETTRES, Etc.

The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies. (Being Private Notes, circ. 1594, hitherto unpublished.) By Francis Bacon. Illustrated and Elucidated by Passages from Shakespeare. By Mrs. Henry Pott. 8vo, pp. 623. \$5.00.

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Our line of Easter Cards is now completed, and Sample Books are being shown to the Trade. Those who have examined the line pronounce it even superior to our previous efforts, and we confidently expect, especially after the great success our cards met with during the Christmas season, that the demand will even exceed that of last year. We would urge upon our friends to place their orders as soon as possible in order to avoid delays, and possibly disappointments, especially as Easter will be two weeks earlier than last year.

Among the contributors to our line of Easter Cards for this year we would mention the following artists:

MISS FIDELIA BRIDGES.
MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.
MRS. O. E. WHITNEY.

MISS ELLA F. PELL.
MISS F. B. TOWNSEND.
A. F. BROOKE.

THOS. MORAN.
HARRY BEARD.
F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS.

Same as last season, we furnish our Easter Cards, plain, and also single and double, with silk fringe. All fringed cards are provided with protectors and envelopes, to insure safe transmission through the mails.

Envelopes are furnished *without extra charge*, for all cards costing \$1.80 per set and over.

Attention is called to the elegantly designed backs, a special feature of our cards, adding greatly to the artistic value of the same.

Our assortment of plain cards ranges in price from 30 cents per set to \$6 per set, and of fringed cards from \$1.50 to \$18.00 per set.

Special attention is called to the following series:

No. 620 D.—“EASTER LILY.” This is an improved edition of the folding “Easter Lily,” published two years ago, which proved such a great success, and for which we could not then supply the demand. Each card is supplied with cord and tassels, and protector and envelope. Price per set of 12, \$6.

No. 620 D. F. Same series with special silk fringe, cord and tassels. Gilt stamped leatherette protector. Put up in boxes containing half a dozen copies. Price per dozen copies, \$15.

No. 621 D. F.—“EASTER LILY WITH BIRD.” Special attention is called to this design. It is a double card, heavily fringed and with tassels, the outside consisting of Lily Designs, one with a bird on silver ground, the inside pages consisting of Butterflies on white satin, and Lilies of the Valley on satin. Price per set of 12, each packed in a neat box, \$30.

No. 622 F.—“WATER LILY EASTER CROSS.” This attractive design, size $11\frac{1}{4} \times 15\frac{1}{4}$ inches, fringed with heavy silk fringe, and provided with cord and tassels, will prove a very chaste ornament for hanging on the wall, or suspended from a banneret stand, for the center-table or mantel. Price per set of 12, each packed in a neat box, \$30.

Attention is also called to our line of

BIRTHDAY CARDS,

to which we have just added a number of New Series.

We are willing to break sets of Cards costing \$3.00 and over per set of 12; but it is better that orders be for full sets, to insure complete assortment of designs and colors of fringes.

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